THE BLOVDY PERSECUTION OF THE PROTESTANTS IN IRELAND,

BEING

The Contents of ſeverall Letters brought by his Majeſties Poſt from *Ireland*, *November* the 21. 1641.

Wherein is related, how the *Rebels* forces doe daily encreaſe, and how the Proteſtants ſtill are deſtroyed by fire and ſword, without any Mercie,

Alſo, how many good Townes and Caſtles in the County of *Mounto*, have beene conſumed by fire.

With a true Relation of the cruelty which the Rebels uſed to Sir *Patricke Dunſon*, by raviſhing of his Lady before his face, ſpurning of his Children to death, and ſlaying his Servants and himſelfe after an unheard of bloudy manner. And how his Lady was Reſcued by Sir *Thomas Moore*.

London, *Printed for Richard Melvin, and are to be ſold in Grubſtreet, neere to the Flying Horſe.* 1641.

THE

Bloudy Procession of the Protestants in Ireland.

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What a bloudy age is this! Nothing almost but news set forth in a red character, comes abroad to bee divulged unto the eye of the whole world. Trechery onely upon the *Irish* Stage doth act its part, Treason daily hath a proceeding off-spring, begot upon the bloud-thirsty bodyes of Jesuiticall Papists, Peace is exiled, and Protestants in *Ireland* seeke comfort, but cannot find it. Much Newes hath been brought over into *England*, and all hath bin nothing but a packet of cruelty; many times hath godlinesse bin expected, but the event hath bin bad, which doth cause great lamentation, and horror to all well-affected Protestants, whose unhappy estate, it is our piety to condole. Shall the *Irish* Seas be made partakers for ever of Aegypts Curse; shall the effusion of Protestants bloud bring it into a sanguine hue; shall Crimson never bee converted into a snowie dye, the great God of heaven forbid it.

Take comfort, take comfort, you which are of the house of *Juda*: for although the Gentiles boast and brag for a time, they shall not doe it for ever: God suffers you to bee afflicted to try you, he lets you be wounded, but he will not suffer you to be eternally slaine. But Oh! ye miserable happy men of *Ireland*, give me licence to make your wofull fortunes knowne unto the well-affected *English*, that they may haste to your Rescue, and mauger the malice of the *Babylonish* Whore, and set a period to your sorrow: and thus I begin.

VPon the 23. day of *Novem.* 1641. came this for Newes into *England* by his Majesties Post: How that the Papists in *Ireland* doe daily encrease their forces, and from other forraine Nations doe hourely receive ayd.

Upon the 23. of the last month, being *Novem.* the *Rebels* hearing of the *Red-shanks* approach, seemed much perplexed, but were encouraged still to continue in their bloudy resistutions, by that *Arathelle, Sir Hugh Oneale,* who hath stayned his Fathers former service, which hee did for the prosperity of the renowned Queene *Elizabeth:* who although he were a *Recusant,* yet was he never knowne to be a Traytor unto her, but a true and loyall Subject: but this Sir *Hugh Oneale,* his Son being chiefe Commander of the *Rebels,* desired nothing but the finall destruction of true Christian Protestants.

Hee gathered all his Companies together in the woods, and as the *Redshanks* entred into one place, they issued out into another, and having an Army of about 15 thousand, divided them into foure parts, and so whilst one part was resisted, th'other were doing mischiefe: their ayme hath alwayes bin at the destruction of the County of *Monno,* there have they depopulated the Inhabitants, and destroyed fifteene Townes and three Castles by fire, the Protestants which have bin taken there, have bin put to unheard of torments, women have bin slain in their husbands armes, and husbands embracing of their wives, the braines of children they daily dash out, and in a most damnable manner trample them under their feet, & her

he accounts himselfe happy that can get a limbe to shew what he hath done, their swords they never sheath, unlesse it be in the body of some great Protestants. And then doe they beare them up towards the Heavens, as if the King thereof would accept them as pleasing Sacrifices.

But oh! Now must I come to relate the bloodiest Tragedy that ever eye beheld.

Upon the 22. of *Novemb.* the Rebels made a privy search in the City of *Armagh*, that they might in a moment destroy all those which were true Protestants there.

And in the first place, they beset the house of Sir *Patrick Dunson*, who was alwayes knowne to bee an upright man, and a worshipper of the living God.

This Sir *Patricke Dunson* perceiving how his house was surrounded, and knowing what would presently insue, called all his servants to prayers, the Rebels in the meane while being in number about five hundred, broke downe the Gate, which led unto his house, and as the said Knight was making his supplication to the Almighty God, they seazed upon him, his wife, children, servants, and goods, asking Sir *Patrick* if he would doe as they did, else should he be sure to dye, who answered them thus.

I had rather be a Doore-keeper in the house of my God, then to live in the richest tents of the wicked.

Which when the Rebels heard, they took his wife and ravished her before, before his face, slew his servants, spitted his children until they dyed, and then swore to doe the like to his wife, if that speedily he would not recant his former words: but hee laughed them to scorne, saying, that their cruelty would be the meanes to bring them to eternall felicity.

When they perceived, how he had derided their proffer, they did run upon him, and bound him with rowles of match fast to a board, so fast, that his eyes bursted out of his head, then did they cut of his eares, then his nose, then seered off both his cheekes; after that they cut off his armes, after that his legs, and yet (a wonderfull thing to heare) was not this good Knight dead, although he were in body so inhumanly mangled: will, eye and vitall spirits remaine; then did they cut out his tongue, and afterward to put him out of his paine, they ran a red hot Iron into his bowels, and so he dyed.

His Lady they killed not; but because she was a faire woman, did intend to keep her, that they might abuse her delicate body when they pleased: but God which bringeth all things to light, revenged the cause of this good Lady thus.

Sir *Thomas Moore* having intelligence, how that the Rebels were in the city of *Armagh*, with a thousand men marched to the Protestants rescue, breaking downe the City gates, which were barred against him: which the *Rebels* hearing, prepared themselves for fight, but before they would settle their

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ranks, and foyles, they were all surprized by Sir *Thomas Moore*, and many of them were slaine, and the Lady redeemed; whom Sir *Thomas Moore* carryed home to his owne house.

But yet do the *Rebels* commit very much slaughter both by fire and sword no sooner are they driven out of one place, but they arise in another.

Wherefore let us all with an unanimous consent pray unto God, that he would be pleased to weaken their enemies, and confound their foes, that the pure milke of the Gospell may have its free passage amongst them: to which, let all true Protestants say, *Amen.*

FINIS.

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